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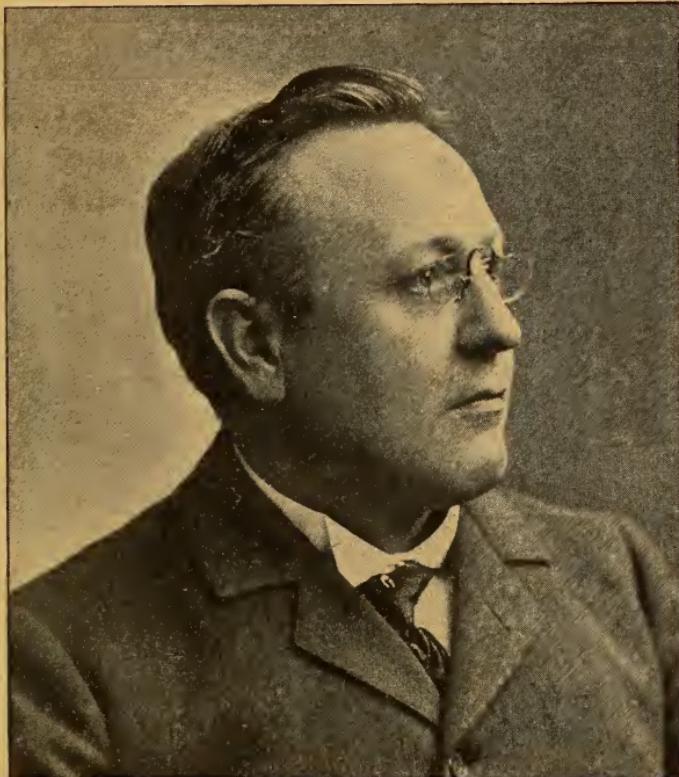
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SOME MISTAKES.....

OF

COL. INGERSOLL

A LECTURE



BY
SAMUEL W. SPARKS

MEMBER OF THE NEW JERSEY BAR
CAMDEN, N. J.

"TO the Christian, reclining in the arm-chair of dozing age, the sunset of life presents a scene of tranquil enjoyment—of obedient appetite—of well regulated affections—of maturity in knowledge—a state of ease, riding at anchor, after a busy and tempestuous life—the interval of repose between the hurry and end, and a calm preparation for immortality."

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Reason is treasured by Mr. Ingersoll as the only guiding star for humanity, in this life. It is also the philosophy of atheism that admits of no exception. They claim it to be absolute and correct. But facts are inexorable things, and although they may be shown in different colorings, they ever retain that same character, observable to him who has the brains and patience to think *a posteriori*. I accord to the argument that Reason is the most beautiful flower that has ever grown atop of the mound of human disappointments, but it has, at the same time, been the most lecherous and treacherous foe that has ever impeded the progress of mankind.

When philosophically analyzed it is apparent that one reasons according to the amount and quality of his brain ; according to the amount and quality of his learning, and all super enjoined by environment. Men have reasoned differently in all ages, but the most pronounced epoch of the world, when human reason ascended the throne and took hold of the sceptre of government, was when France thought to unburden itself of a corrupt clergy. In

that instance, Reason was the originator of the memorable Reign of Terror. It wore its deepest red while dictating that awful drama. Its decrees were registered on fences, such as "There is no God but Reason." "Man is responsible to himself only" "There is no future punishment; all there is, is now." Brave men, servants, suitors and disciples of the Goddess proclaimed their loyalty to the throne by carrying pockets filled with human ears, or wearing infants' fingers in their hats. Female subjects proved their loyalty by paying large sums for the ghastly privilege of sitting beside the guillotine with their knitting and witnessing the terrible work of the rapid knife as it severed heads from thousands of the bodies of victims. They enjoyed the breeze from the red river of human blood that flowed at their feet. Reason exercised its power untrammeled. Men and women tied together were dropped into the sea, and the act dubbed a "Republican baptism." Boat loads of innocent babes were taken to sea and the vessel sunk to satisfy this monarch. All this and ten thousand more horrible crimes were enacted when the "Subaltern of Corsica," Napoleon, whom Ingersoll hates, took hold of the reins of state and brought the infuriated beast of murder to its haunches, and held it there until the church could

again be established with as much of the simplicity of the doctrines of Christ as humanity had ability to accept.

Man is a helpless creature that moves only within his environment. The finite is hemmed by the infinite. The character of man has been, in all ages, just what his environments made him. At different times in his history we find him enjoying the advantages of civilization, while at other times he is in abject slavery, a scholar, a savage, a peacemaker and a warrior, a millionaire and a pauper, a Christian and an infidel, an atheist and an idolater, but at all times a medley of contradictions. And this is the article with which we are to reason, and by reasoning solve, if possible, the problem of the rights of man. The earliest information of this wonderful part of creation represents him in a state of savagery. Before law was, he is seen in the forests, living in the butts of trees and in caverns, and, for the sake of self preservation or protection, he meets with his fellows and selects for a leader the tallest among them, because of his apparent superior physical powers. Whether this period was the low tide or the rise and fall of humanity I do not know. Whether it was the beginning, the awakening, of human reasoning, or the end of a magnificent civi-

lization, I am equally ignorant. Suffice it to say that the preceding time is buried in the sands of oblivion, and so far no light has been thrown into those dark recesses. The complete history of man has never been, and never will be, written by man, and we are as much in doubt of his ancestry as we are mystified at the results of his doings. Beyond his age of savagery and periods of civilization we behold him living, in pre-historic times, in manner known as Lake Dwellers. In their Kitchen-Middens, where are found the remains of many animals, there is a conspicuous absence of human remains, proving by the best possible evidence that man was not always cannibalistic; and it does seem that the nearer we are permitted to approach the alleged period in which Shem, Ham and Japhet lived, the better was the condition of the race. But, beyond and since, almost every valuable fact seems to be handed down to us wrapped in a shroud of doubt and mystery. History must have commenced with the birth of tradition—that system in which the precious truths of humanity were entrusted to the care of the most unreliable of couriers, the memory—and to it alone must we look for an attempted authentication of fact.

History, then, like many of the so called sciences,

is oftentimes built upon speculative theories, and hence always was and always will be subject to impeachment.

When dealing with anything ancient all men should accord to it the right to be heard in its own defence, but it can never be right to try ancient things by modern law. What would the brain of Ingersoll have produced had he lived in the dark ages? There may have been many men of his calibre, in those days, whose history has never been written, and they too must have been subject and under the control of their environments. By what principle of right can Ingersoll claim to possess the brain standard of justice, by which all men in all ages are to be judged? It may be true that he has a higher one than many in the past, but who is to say that he has a higher one than the future may produce? If the Roman Catholic Church had been tried by its times, the infamy charged to it would have been moderated by the existing conditions. When tried by the light of the present age, it is found to be a wanderer from the path of the true doctrines of Christ. It appears to be filled with superstitious fallacies; and nursed by the ignorant and uncultivated classes, it became an obstacle in the way of progress; but cruel enactments do not appear of recent date as of the past.

As a rule, agnostics do not recognize a distinction between professing Christians and Christians. Mankind has ever been prone to do injury to his neighbor, using the shield that would best hide his real intention ; so that when Christ said, "I bring a sword," he must have foreseen what great wickedness mankind would resort to under the cover of righteousness.

The intellect of man is a growth, and, in its progress towards civilization, has necessarily been subject to a fungus substance, that, on first view, appears to hide the original. Would it not be better if the brains of Ingersoll were devoted to the cause of man by the destroying of that fungi ? Men have always found more pleasure in sowing tares in the wheatfield of life than in elevating their fellows by lessening their burdens.

MOSES.

Mr. Ingersoll devotes a great deal of his time to arguments that the Bible is of doubtful origin, that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses, and that many of the books contained in the Bible were not written by the authors to whom they have, for many centuries, been ascribed. And the Ministry spend quite as much time in replying as does Ingersoll in

announcing them. If there were any possibility of settling the dispute, the debaters might be tolerated and it might be looked upon with idle curiosity ; but as it is utterly impossible at this late day to produce any new evidence, I cannot see the wisdom of discussing it. And again, what difference would it make if it were settled ? Does it matter who wrote the first five books of Moses ? What is the great interest that Mr. Ingersoll appears to have in the matter ? It does not appear that, as a lawyer, he represents Moses. What then is his interest ? Has he been retained to defend the copyright of some one other than Moses ? If so, who is his client ? As a lawyer, Mr. Ingersoll should know that when one claims title to anything in court he cannot do so by depending on the weakness of defendant's title, but by depending on the strength of his own. If Moses did not write the books ascribed to him, does that prove that they were written by Ingersoll's client, or that they were not written at all ? The affirmative is that they were written by Moses ; the negative is that they were written by some one else ; and until it is proven who that some one else is, the title must of necessity remain in Moses After all is said and done it is a matter of no importance who did write them.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.

By what criterion does he censure the Roman Catholic Church? I can regret with as much sympathy as can Mr. Ingersoll the terrible cruelty inflicted on our ancestors in those dark ages. I, too, would like to throw the blanket of philosophy over the smouldering ruins of that terrible monster, and blot from the memory of man its awful and tearful traditions; but it should be remembered that knowledge of the errors of the past should serve as good guides for the future. When Ingersoll pitches battle against the enactments of the past, when he holds up, as an object of contempt, one of the actors in those bloody dramas, he has no right to place it under the magnifying glass of the nineteenth century. Would it be right for the father to hold his son in maturity responsible for acts done in infancy? When children do wrong there are few men in the world but would associate with the act the surrounding influences that engendered it, and form a judgment according to such facts. The Judge who would censure a man for his acts in infancy would be regarded as an idiot, and removed from office; and yet this same Ingersoll, brainy as he claims to be, places the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the Presbyterian Church, of antiquity, under the magnifying lenses of

the present, and then proceeds to pour forth from his fulsome vials the wrath that is in him.

It should be remembered that men act according to the times in which they live, and the history of the race is filled with living pictures of cruelties that to the present condition of men would be the most revolting. Who can recall the many tragic events of the late Rebellion without wondering, Could they really have taken place? Can it be possible that within the last half of the present century thousands of human lives have been offered up as sacrifices for the security of government? I stood on Little Round Top, at Gettysburg, viewing the magnificent scenery that Dame Nature has so abundantly provided at that place. There was nothing otherwise attractive, nothing to surprise me, all was quiet, and everything seemed to be imbued with the peaceful slumberings of the dead. The bugler, with his bugle-call, was heard nor seen more. The roll-call was dead in the palsied hand of the drummer-boy. Some old and silenced cannon marked the spot where some one at some time had been fighting.

Monuments here and there dotted the surrounding fields. Evidences of skilled workmanship, they, by their beauty, attracted the eye. On their sides handsomely carved words—meaningless words, born

of the coldness of marble, and made chiefly to weather the gale, defy the storm and to laugh at the tooth of Time. At our feet, beneath a clear blue sky, lay a nation's heroic dead. This was all. But directly a guide, one who had participated in that dreadful battle, began to demonstrate, as far as words can demonstrate, some of the scenes that had there taken place. And with a heart moved by the well-told tales, the old veteran, with tears in his eyes, again plead the cause of the sleeping thousands. Then, and not until then, did I contemplate the enormity of so bloody a duel. The bugle again sent its warning notes across those fields, and they seemed to once more reverb amid those parallel hills. The beat of the drum filled the atmosphere, while the commands of the officers could be heard as they rent the passions of war, in their orders to charge bayonets, and the battle was begun! The clash of steel, the rattle of musketry, the booming of cannon and the wild shrieks of those death-dealing contestants as they went forth on their missions of victory living, or to victory dead. The lowering clouds of powder smoke cleared away, while the eyes of the dying heroes closed on the vision of Victory gracefully perched on the Throne of Justice. Hoary-headed Time, taking his eyes from a picture of Fate,

slowly arose, and, gently closing the door, the great American Drama was closeted with the eternities.

Turning from the pictured scene of what had been, I involuntarily asked myself: Could such things have happened among civilized men? If really so, can I realize so great a factor in the history of man? Who is to answer for all that murder? Can it be claimed that Christianity is to be charged with it, or shall it be placed at the credit of uncivilized man? The Roman Catholic Church was the Church of its times—it was the monitor of kings and of princes, and, though drunken with power, it was nevertheless surrounded and controlled by environments from which it had no possible escape. It has, therefore, the right to claim that it shall, if tried at all, have the right to be tried by its peers, or by the times in which the offences occurred. It would be extremely unphilosophical to imagine that the first church could be as good as the last church will be. To argue so is to say that humanity at the start did not need the Christian influence, and that it was always pure and undefiled, while all the evidence in the world proves the contrary. Humanity progresses and leaves behind it a refuse that should be forgotten, and it can never be fair to judge the ignorant past by the erudite present. Would it be

justice to the slave-owners of 1850 to indict them under the laws of 1897? Could the black man who felt the cruel lash of slavery sue the master for that assault and battery now?

LAW.

One of the most audacious pretensions of Mr. Ingersoll is his claim and assertion that the law that regulates the governments of civilized nations is not founded upon the Scriptures, and in this he uses the same illogical reasoning that characterizes his efforts generally. His whole ability seems to be bent in the demolition of what is authoritatively stated, and the substitution of a presumption founded only upon his erratic statement of imaginary things. His *ipse dixit* comprises his stock in trade, and whatever surprising statements he makes, they are never found to be born of logic or founded on reason, or even so much as on circumstantial evidence. In reply to his statement on this subject I desire to relate some of the sayings of writers of approved authority, that have been sacredly cared for and handed down to posterity, as against which Mr. Ingersoll's arguments dwindle into insignificance. The first evidence that presents itself against him is some of the statements made by Macaulay in his history of England: Mr.

Macaulay has not only set the type of English speech, but he has founded his dissertations upon a rock of solid philosophy. He says:

“The church has many times been compared by divines to the ark of which we read in the Book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during the evil time when she alone rode amidst darkness and tempest on the deluge, beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring.”—Macaulay’s History, vol. I, p. 19.

“The Roman Church, up to three centuries ago, was generally favorable to science, civilization and good government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object.”—Vide, p. 53.

Vattel, possibly the greatest writer on international law, is quoted in Kent’s Commentaries as declaring that the law of nations was founded on the law of revelation. Prior to the Eleventh Century there was no international law such as we understand it today. There were customs of barbarous origin that obtained under it. Citizens of one part of the earth, travelling from one nation or

tribe to another, became the absolute property of any one in the tribe or people whom they visited.

They were enslaved or killed at the option of their owner. Shipwrecked persons, cast adrift upon the sea, became the property of the people wherever fate might cast them, and subject to all the cruelties of slavery and death that the custom of the times justified. This was the universal fate of strangers, whether at peace or at war. The whole race of mankind under the custom, seemed to be at everlasting war with their fellows, and peace seemed to dwell nowhere on the face of the globe. Athens and Sparta thought to make a law between them, but it was filled with the cruelties of antiquity. The navy at Athens, the finest of all antiquity, was but a gigantic piracy. Aristotle, the heir of Socrates and Plato, could not bring himself to understand the advantage of the exercise of humanity among nations. "The highest Roman law was filled with the rudeness of the ancients for the want of Christian principles of morals," says Kent.

This state of affairs continued down to the period of the Sixteenth Century. Chancellor Kent, an unimpeachable authority, in his investigations of this great question, further observes that "the Christian nations of Europe and their descendants

were vastly superior in science and jurisprudence to all others." "There can be no doubt," says he, "that the Christian nations, like a federation, hung together through the gloom of the dark ages," and preserved the blessings of international law. Again, he says: "To make war upon infidels was for many ages a conspicuous part of European public law; but this was a gross perversion of the doctrines of Christianity." "To be a stranger was to be an enemy to the inhabitants of the world other than one's own immediate tribe." Manning, another of the greatest writers of the world on this subject, says "the law of nations is founded on Christianity." And so on through all the writings of men in all ages do we find that they claim for Christianity the foundation of this important law. Grotius, the acknowledged father of the law, borrowed his materials from the canon and ecclesiastical laws, and that, too, without the slightest endeavor to obscure the fact. Why, then, does Ingersoll, a lawyer by profession, lend himself to such an outrageous perversion of established facts? What honorable interests does he exhibit? Having the ears of a listening public, he corrupts the stream of knowledge. Can it be attributed to his ignorance? No; for he is a lawyer, and

ought to know the greatest law of the world. Should his rude sarcasm be taken as argument against so well established facts? The solution of the matter is simply this:

The law that regulates the affairs of nations is the most important one that ever engaged the attention of mankind. Compared with it all other enactments drop into insignificance, and without it the enactments of the legislatures of the world would be worthless and of no avail. In that law there is a wisdom to which the brains and boasted intelligence of man could never attain.

The jurists of the world have ever been too feeble to grapple with so momentous a question, and yet at the very moment when brains and reason failed to supply the natural demand for such a law, there was but one source, in the entire system of things, from whence the spirit of it could be drawn. Not among the great chieftains that illuminated the world with their exploits. Not from the thoughtful brain of the philosopher, nor from the mathematics of the scientist. Neither did it take root in the results of any of the decisive battles of the world. But instead the world bowed its head to the acknowledged wisdom of a meek and lowly Jewish peasant boy, and from him was received the law that has

blessed mankind. The law of nations is just less than the law that regulates the planets and directs the universe. Why, then, does not Ingersoll acknowledge this fact? Can there be any other reason than the self-evident fact that such an acknowledgement would annihilate all the sophistical and unproven statements of his doctrines? If history is at all true, then it is a fact that the Bible is the rock upon which civilization rests and all the laws of civilization are founded.

The law of nations is as a huge river whose waters will flow through all the nations of the earth, and they who drink of it will eventually recognize its fountainhead as the chief law giver of this planet. It will have the effect eventually of causing all nations to speak the one tongue, to establish one ideal of justice, and to make all mankind a common brotherhood in active communion. At such time it will not appear egotistic for the one man, standing at the fountainhead, to declare, "I am the light of the world."

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

In his lecture on "What shall I do to be saved?" he discourses a long while on Matthew, John and Luke, and then, turning to the audience, he proclaims

the startling fact that each of those writers is on his side. Then, in regular campaign order, he discusses with Mark the propriety of what Mark says. "When the young man approached Christ," says Ingersoll, "he asked, 'What shall I do to be saved?' Christ answered, 'Keep the commandments.' 'This I have done from my youth up,' replied the young man. Now," says Ingersoll, "there is a contract, and I accept it. Christ said that it was necessary for him to keep the commandments—and this he had done; he had met the requirements, and that was all there was about it. But," says he, "the church has always been ready to do business on the principle of treasures in heaven for cash down, and so the clergy saw that keeping the commandments was far too easy and would bring no grist to their mill; so they added that Christ further said to the young man, 'There is one thing thou lackest.' 'What?' asked the young man. 'Go,' said Christ, 'and sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and follow me.'" "Now," remarks Mr. Ingersoll, "Christ never said that. He had settled the question at first, and it is unreasonable to suppose that he ever made that addition."

Now let us see if Ingersoll reasons rightly and fairly in this matter, and also to see if there is any-

thing in his reasoning that would in any manner justify his belief that Christ never used the words attributed to him. In the first place, then, it is a matter of importance to know whether the young man spoke the truth when he declared that he had kept the commandments, and was not Christ simply proving to him, by his own words and conduct, that he was not telling the truth? If the young man had kept the commandments, then he had no God before Jehovah; there could have been nothing that he could reverence before God; but, when he refused to dispose of his goods, his worldly possessions, what fact did he thereby illustrate? Did it not prove that his manner of keeping the commandments, so far as that he should "have no God before Me" is concerned, was subject to his convenience? Is it not clear that he would worship God at all times if it did not cost him anything? Could he have kept the commandments, and, at the same time, his gold? Could he serve both God and Mammon? The dialogue between that young man and Jesus Christ is the foundation on which, some time in the future, will be erected the magnificent structure of Christian civilization, in which the rights of man will be thoroughly and permanently established.

It ought to be apparent to every well-thinking

man and woman in the partially civilized world, that the doctrine of Christ is that it is wrong to garner riches.

No man acquainted with the refined reasoning of the ages can entertain a momentary doubt of the wisdom of Christ in this. No scholar, no philosopher, no statesman, can question the wisdom of Him who spoke thus in the darkness of the times in which He lived. His doctrine, although unseen by any other one in the world, was a philosophical truth co-existent with eternity itself. No nation can become rich and poor at the same time and thrive long enough to resist the approach of decay that follows it as the night the day. Athens, Rome, Thebes and Carthage are examples of this formidable truth, and, though entombed in the centuries as silenced wonders, yet they proclaim the truth in that awful silence that echoes in the grave. In all the history of the world there is no record of any nation that rose and fell,—that has crumbled into the dust of oblivion,—that did not do so from the baneful and cruel influence of the woeful contrast of wealth with poverty. The doctrine of Christ condemns both wealth and poverty, and seeks to establish an equality in the rights of man, without which the history of the world declares no nation can long live. Why,

then, can any one surmise that Christ did not mean to say just what is ascribed to him? The truth of the matter is, that he did say what Mark attributes to him, regardless as to whom it may wound.

It is, however, Ingersoll-like, to argue that he did not, because the infidel doctrine is really intended as a panacea for evil doers. I have listened to several lectures of Mr. Ingersoll, and at the same time I have noted results so far as I have been able, and with some exceptions, I have noticed that the men further from the virtues of Christianity, men of miserly habits, have been his greatest applauders. To them it was gospel indeed, for it took from them the possibility of punishment, that they in their hearts knew they merited. Ingersoll ridicules the idea that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to go to heaven, and of course they are pleased with that kind of philosophy. Now let us look at that for a moment and see just what it is made of. Can it ever be right for a man to be worth a million dollars and never know the needs of charity? Can it ever be right or justifiable for one to own so much of this world's goods within sound of the plaintive cry of starving children, and in view of suffering humanity; in view of thousands that are daily giving up their

claims on life simply because they cannot gather sufficient wealth to supply it with its natural demands? I claim that if he retains it, knowing these things, he is a detriment to the world, and the cause of the greatest wrong to society. Suppose I should say that it would be easier for a camel to swim from America to Liverpool than for that man to enter within the associations of honorable men. Would that be an exaggeration—false philosophy and nonsense? When was the time, during the period of civilization, that a Shylock was not looked upon as a miserable creature, unfit to associate with men? If heaven exists, whether in fancy or in fact, it must be governed by the law of order; and the admission of disorder is an impossibility. It is possible to alloy silver and pass it as money; you may alloy gold, with the same result; but you may not alloy Truth; the moment that it is attempted it exists no longer. Christ spoke the philosophy of truth and reason when he said, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to go to heaven. And no nation could be governed by better law than will eventually be built upon that very statement. It is a fact that in nature the universal law is order, and Christ must have known it, for nature abhors the association of order with disorder,

and has decreed the indomitable, inexorable and irrevocable penalty of death for its violation.

Ingersoll condemns the idea of miracles and laughs to scorn any minister of the gospel who would deign to believe them. In this he occupies a unique position, and one a majority of the world seems to reconcile with reason. There is one mighty truth, however, that accompanies the story of the miracles and of which I have never heard mention by the would-be debaters on this subject, and that is that no writer, from the time of Christ down to the present moment, whether he wrote in praise of Him or whether he wrote to destroy His doctrine, none, neither adversary nor co-adjutor, ever denied that *the miracles were wrought just exactly as the Bible tells us*. The only position taken by the adversaries has been to explain *how they were done, but never to deny the fact of their being done*. The novel position of denying facts that are recorded in history, remains to Ingersoll himself. He has no evidence and wants none. He insists that his word, unsupported, shall be taken in contradiction to all history. Again, why does he deny the possibility of miracles?

Is it because within his environments they do not occur, and are not within the limited vision of his reason? If so, he might be excused for his

opinion, but such is not the case, for all things are miracles—the rising and setting of the sun, the accurate movement of the moon, stars and planets; the winds going where they listeth, the continuous and universal motion of matter, compounded in a ball, and its ever accurate movement as it hangs unsupported in space, are all miracles within the observation of the limited intellect of even the savage, yet *not* within the mind power of Ingersoll. All the world, and everything in it, is a miracle, all in motion, and if what Cope says be true, *id est*, “That matter is controlled by mind, and that mind is *always* personal,” the greatest miracle is developed in the One Great Mind that controls all.

In his lamentations Ingersoll seldom refrains from condemning that principle of forgiveness wherein the thief on the cross was promised a blessing. He scoffs at the idea that a criminal—a murderer, may be forgiven in the last moment. In this his reason is entirely consistent with his environment and but echoes the judgment of his predecessors. There is no forgiveness in Ingersoll. The sunshine of Christian charity has never penetrated into the dark and dismal recesses of his obscure soul. Nor has his brain been sufficiently alert to gather the increasing sentiment that crime is a disease, and the

criminal a subject for the hospital rather than the confines of the dungeon cell. Men of sobriety, of good judgment and true science are today developing the fact that criminology is properly a subject for the physician rather than for the hangman! And while this is really the latest achievement of science, the same is found in the doctrines of Christ, who said forgive not only "seven times; but, until seventy times seven." If he had not been inspired, how comes it at that early time he could have pronounced a philosophy that it has taken nineteen hundred years for science to develop, and which Ingersoll has not even yet commenced to understand?

FOWLS, ETC.

In his discourse about the Holy Bible, Mr. Ingersoll abhors the fact that the account of creation shows that the "fowls of the air were made out of the water;" and secondly, that the "fowls of the air were made out of the earth." "These stories," says he, "are older than Pentateuch. Among the Persians, God created the world in six days, a man called Adama, a woman called Evah. The Etruscan, Babylonian, Phœnician, Chaldean and Egyptian stories are much the same." All this, however, is what is known among lawyers as simply cumulative

evidence in behalf of the Bible account. If all these people had the same doctrine, they must also have had the same origin, and any court within the domains of jurisprudence would hold that the proofs submitted by Ingersoll establish the Bible's case beyond doubt.

"The Persians, Greeks, Egyptians, Chinese and Hindoos have their Garden of Eden and the Tree of Life; the Persians, the Babylonians, the Nubians, the people of Southern India, all have the story of the fall of man and the subtle serpent. The Chinese say that sin came into the world by the disobedience of woman, and even the Tahitans tell us that man was created from the earth, and the first woman from one of his bones." This is also cumulative evidence, and, whether or not it proves the Bible account to be true, it is such proof as cannot be used for any other purpose.

Mr. Ingersoll complains bitterly because some lines or phrases are where others should be; in other words, that some phrases have changed places, and should therefore be wholly discredited. It does not occur to him that the Bible has been handled above two hundred times; that it has been handled by printers, typesetters and scribes for many centuries, of whose infallible integrity and

honesty he does not assume to even have a suspicion. In the first instance, he complains because it is alleged that the Bible gives two accounts of how the birds were created—of the earth and of the sea. Of course, it makes a great difference to him which is right, for he would not tolerate a mistake for a single minute, if he knew it; and then he claims that the mistake is a serious one. He also seems wise in that the mistake was that of the author, and not by any other person or persons.

I sometimes wonder if Mr. Ingersoll has ever been misrepresented in print—whether he has ever known a printer to make a mistake. The contradiction of which he complains is exactly the same contradiction that exists in Mr. Ingersoll's own beloved gospel—Evolution. Mr. Darwin insists that life had its origin in protoplasm, found in the sea ; while M. Treamaux insists, with equal accuracy, that it did no such thing, because, says he, "life originated in the dust of the earth." It is supposed that both are right.

I have no disposition to bring into ridicule the virtues of science, or even such theories as develop into science. I entertain the highest respect for the learned gentlemen in whose scientific hands rests the lever that is intended to move the world. But what I

do object to is just what true scientists object to, *i. e.*, the burdening of true science with such facts and fancies as arise in the minds of truth-perverting men, whose designs are to the detriment of men. The science of geology holds its own admirably for about a mile beneath the earth's crusts, and has disclosed many interesting results; but when the infertile and jejune brain, that makes itself more prominent by its ignorance than by its learning, attempts to go into the business of world-building with a desire to outdo Moses, I am forced to interpose an objection. There is a great deal of meaning in what Paul said, when he cautioned his followers to "beware of sciences falsely so called." If Mr. Ingersoll is determined to measure our cloth, it is but reasonable that we should know that his measure is a correct one, and if, by examination, we find it is not, we have a perfect right to reject it.

He claims to know that the story of the flood is three thousand years older than the Book of Genesis. To what great authority does he ascribe the source of his knowledge? A part of his religion is geology, and from this science he borrows the learning he so confidently expresses. This is the yard-stick by which he measures and presumes to set aside the Scriptures, and thus perfect civilization. If it is

right for him to try the Scriptures by this science, it is just as well and proper that the opposition should investigate those so-called sciences, and see what relation they bear to reason and sense. In the first place, then, his geology is obtained from the lowest depths of the abyss of heathen superstition, and, after being dressed in modern type, is adopted into the civilized world by one William Smith, an Englishman, in the year 1815. It partakes of Chinese and Hindoo geology. The Hindoo geology teaches that the Brahm occupied a thousand yugs, or 4,300,000,000 solar years, to hatch the first egg. Among other worlds hatched, was ours, consisting of seven islands, of which we occupy the central one. This island is surrounded by a sea of salt water. The second is surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juices. The third is surrounded by a sea of rum. The fourth by a sea of clarified butter. And so on, through curds and sour milk, until eventually we strike a sea of sweet water. The highest mountain is several miles high, and is located in the middle of the earth. Its shape is that of an inverted pyramid; it bears rose apples and mangoes, the size of elephants. The juice of this fruit is what makes our rivers.

The Chinese are more liberal in their views, and less wasteful of years. Among the Chinese, old

Pwanku is said to have created the earth in 18,000 years, and then laid down and died. His whiskers turned to stars, his veins and arteries into rivers. This creation is placed upon the back of an elephant, and the elephant is placed upon the back of a turtle, while the poor turtle stood erect upon nothing.

Modern geology teaches that the earth is made of strata, one upon the other, and these strata all rest upon a molten sea, and the sea rests upon nothing. The creed accompanying that gospel is evolution—a science, if true, that is made up of a classified knowledge of principles that are supposed to be the results of all knowledge.

Geology is built upon theory, while theory is built upon assumption, or upon nothing. But I should be very careful in what manner I permit myself to discuss this sacred subject, because many of the brainiest men of the age teach it as an evidence of how much their heads will hold. No one ever sees an evolutionist who does not appear as though he was, or is, all-wise, and knows more about the subject in one minute than Moses knew in all his career. But, unfortunately, among all these would-be competitors with Moses, a feature, stranger than the fiction itself, is the ever predominant fact that, from the first of their class of great men down

to the present time, there are no two of them that agree upon the subject. In discussing this subject with Professor Cope, of the University of Pennsylvania, I asked him if he could mention the names of any of his predecessors in this science who agreed, and the Professor replied that Darwin was uncontradicted. But the Professor had overlooked the doctrine of M. Tremaux, who took especial pains to contradict Mr. Darwin in the most essential particulars. The Professor is authority upon this subject; in fact, he is recognized as the modern Darwin, and quite his equal. Another and a surprising fact is, that most of the followers of Darwin—they who believe in evolution—do not know what evolution really is, and few of them, indeed, but believe at least twice as much as Darwin ever dared to assert.

“Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: *and it was so.*” (Genesis, 1: 24)

There is no account of creation more ancient than this quotation. And no science, philosophy or theory originating in the cultivated intellect of man has so far been able to destroy the truth of this Mosaic. The doctrine of evolution, as pronounced by modernity, would suggest the idea that the

Mosaic was untrue, and claim for itself the praise of having discovered the origin of mankind.

The above quotation has to deal with animals other than mankind, while evolution seeks to prove that the animal kingdom was the channel through which man ascended to his present intellectual sphere. Evolution does contradict the Mosaic account of creation in many essentials, but in no way more than evolutionists contradict their own writings.

So learned have been the writers on this subject that productions from their pens seem to carry conviction, and he who reads, *ex parte*, is almost sure to become an evolutionist. A deal is considered knowledge, when, in fact, it embodies nothing but opinion or conclusion. The predicate is oftentimes elegantly written, while the subject itself is entirely ignored. The text is forgotten in the embellishing of the context.

On a correct understanding of principles or elements only can pure knowledge rest. And yet the atmosphere is chilled with learning founded on myth and guess, that disappear under the rays of the sunlight of truth.

Evolution is taught in the school, and the present younger generation believe that they originated from the monkey, and, hence, that their

parents are more brute than they. What an ennobling thought! I know many persons who believe in evolution, but never met but one who did so who knew what evolution really is. That man was Professor Cope, who was, perhaps, the leading evolutionist of the age.

When I suggested to him that I believed that evolution, when properly defined, was "the origin of life, and its gradations up to a degree of perfection," he affirmed it. I then asked him if he knew the origin of life. He said he did not. I asked him if he knew the perfection of life. He said he did not.

If, then, the theme is properly defined, and by a short analysis, ignorance is confessed of both the beginning and end of the definition, what of value is left? Simply this: the "gradations" of life, or life under the law of variation.

What a slim foundation, indeed, for so much talk, and that, too, scientific.

"Beware of science falsely so called," said Paul, and I might add that this science is of the kind of which Paul spoke. What is in this world that is not subject to the laws of variation?

If everything is subject to this law, why specialize man, and, by such law, interpret that he came from the ape? The law itself is proof against it.

But this is an elementary fact or principle with which evolutionists do not, and possibly cannot, deal. With conclusions only is what they deal.

That living creatures have only yielded their kind, and that man was no exception, is as true today as when Moses wrote, subject only to the inexorable law of variation, which the modern philosopher has apparently but recently discovered. Such a fact as evolution, properly defined, could not exist. It would be a physical impossibility.

The strangest feature of the doctrine is that so much is believed on so little knowledge, and on conclusions contrary to the facts they themselves deduce. They will tell you life originated in a moneron (a speck of protoplasm), and their object is to trace life from its present condition back to said moneron. How strange, that, when they get back to the time when they should find the smallest of all small things, the mastodon or elephant occupies the spot! The more antagonistic the fact the stronger their belief in their theory. No one ever saw a moneron, and yet all writers differ on the number of them. Differences of opinion by authorities on this subject is a very common thing, indeed; for no writer from Anaxamander to the present time stands uncontradicted.

But, as is usual, the most unreasonable must obtain with the theorist, and the more the proof one way the more they believe the other.

On one occasion, Professor Cope lectured to a large and intelligent audience, composed of followers of the faith, on the subject of "Man's Relation to the Animal." The first thing he said was that there were 2,000,000 species, and then he selected just two individuals, the Gibbon monkey and the ancient lemur, and proceeded with his discourse. What the rest of the 2,000,000 resembled was nobody's business. It was enough if two things could be found on which to rest the imagined science of evolution.

"The Gibbon monkey," said he, "has a hind foot and a lower jaw like a man." It did not matter what the rest of that individual was like; this was enough for the faithful. When he approached the lemur he claimed that it was necessary to obtain an ancient specimen, as it was a better evidence than the modern specimen.

How so? Should not the modern specimen be better evidence, or has the animal *degenerated* into man?

There is no theory or science in the attempted revelation of the origin of the animal kingdom, and of man, that bears more relation to good sense than

the doctrine of Moses. No fact has ever been shown that successfully contradicts his account, except such as are founded on "science falsely so-called."

Similarity does not prove the case. Resemblance may indicate that kind has yielded its kind, as Moses said it would.

But the fact that man and the monkey were made with the same quantity of water and sand does not prove that one evolved from the other, so much as it does prove that both originated from the common mother, the Earth, which contains the same characteristics.

Spencer says that the earth will continue to get hotter and hotter and will then fly into the sun and be finally destroyed by the heat of that body, while Prof. Winchell, of Michigan, proclaims to the world that such is not the case at all, but quite on the contrary, it will freeze up. Winchell goes so far as to tell us about the last two men, standing alone in the entire world, holding consultation over the matter as they stand there viewing the tomb of nature. What thoughts will fill their minds as they behold the great event! And then one of them dies, and the other fellow stands there all alone, the only man in the entire world. Of course Ingersoll, like unto his followers, believes, with absolute confidence, both

the stories. He believes in anything to which he can refer, when trying to condemn the Mosaic account of creation, and the more doubtful it is the more he believes it. I think it was Humboldt and Sir Humphrey Davy who tried to get to the North Pole, from whence they intended to look through a hole and see that molten sea in the middle of the earth. But eventually they decided to save the great expense of travel by believing the fact anyway. The world will never know, however, how much it has lost by their failure; for had they seen that sea in the middle of the earth Spencer would have been spared the trouble of declaring that there was no molten sea there at all, but that the earth is filled with *gas*. It don't really matter, as the followers of these men swallow the whole business without so much as a grin of dissatisfaction.

“O, ye of little faith,” was never meant for our own dear Robert.

And so on, almost without end, is the grounded philosophy of Ingersollism dependent upon faith of superstitious and heathen origin. And yet he condemns faith as worthy of benign punishment, and accredits to it all the cruelties of the world.

The most ignorant and superstitious Christian in the world is undoubtedly endowed with a large

portion of faith, faith in the doctrines that have brought from beastly humanity a civilization such as we are enjoying today. It may be blind ignorance upon which his faith is founded; but how will that compare with the amount of faith a man must have to believe that all the life of the world that incorporates and surrounds us originated from a moneron, a protoplasm, a speck of albumen the size of a pin's head. And yet Ingersoll has faith enough for that, and at the very moment, too, when he condemns the other fellow. If your minds are not clear as to who has the most faith, just try to believe that all the life of the world came from a speck the size of a pin's head, and see if you do not call upon more imagination than any man in the universe should have. No civilized man can originate so much belief on so little knowledge in any other avocation of life.

I shall not attempt to cite all the contradictions that come to the surface when stirring up this Ingersoll bugaboo, but only a few, as illustrations. Among these great men are M. Unger, a world builder in regular business, and he says "that by the cooling of some basalt, he has accurately determined that it took nine million years for the earth to cool sufficiently to admit of vegetation. But Mr. Hilbert,

with equal accuracy, says that is a mistake ; for, says he, it only took five million years. But another scientist settles the whole dispute by declaring that the whole business is wrong, for it took the earth three hundred and fifty million years to cool." Of course they are all right about it.

Still one feels like asking : " Where wast thou," Mr. Ingersoll, " when I laid the foundations of the earth ? declare, if thou hast understanding." " Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ? or who hath stretched the line upon it ? " " Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or who laid the cornerstone thereof ? " I am satisfied that Mr. Ingersoll cannot answer these questions, nor can any scientist that ever lived do so. They are as pregnant with meaning today as they were the moment they were first asked. But there is one question that we also find in Job which it is the especial right and privilege of the wise mortals to answer, and it is : " Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge ? " For with this they are certainly acquainted.

SCIENCE.

Within the past year many people were uneasy about the rumor that a comet would strike the earth,

and it was corroborated by the man on the astronomical ladder. It was such a well settled fact that persons were cogitating as to what would be the result of so great a catastrophe ; but when the jejune brain of the wise man was awakened to the fact that the comet had disappeared, they immediately proceeded to explain the phenomenon with as much sang froid as though they indeed knew something about it. They were, of course, on the right side to avoid dispute ; but in fact and in truth, the Oriental shepherd boys, with brains half asleep, could have reasoned quite as well, and that, too, without awaiting results to guess from. Such conditions and results are but the weaknesses of humanity, inwoven in our nature by that creeping and destroying disease—atheism—originating mainly in diseased intellects and transmitted from generation to generation. It is a mortgage on humanity that enslaves and starves the tenant, and that brings ill bred things into the world.

Agnosticism is the cowardly side of atheism. A creature that finds pleasure in denying its right to think or believe, and at the supreme moment when action is demanded of it, rigidly proclaims itself deaf, dumb and blind, without will to see or power to understand. It is always found on neutral ground. Elevating itself on monumental heights it views the

bloody conflicts of the world, devoid of all interest in the results, but when danger is removed, and the storms of adversity have gone, this character may be seen beside the graves of the heroic dead, and with fingers touching, there emanates from his little soul the squeaky words, "Verily, verily, am I thankful I did not participate in the fray." He is one whose whole life is spent in cashiering anything good or bad that comes before him with the "I don't know." In political government he is a parasite. In religious matters he is a nuisance. And on the whole, he is only tolerated because of the charity of the Christian religion, a principle he never fails to condemn.

It is a story told of some of the people in the upper part of one of our Northern States, that, until lately, the belief was current that geologists could tell how many years the snows had laid on the tops of the highest mountains. It was said that on one mountain the snow had laid for a period of three years, and this remarkable exhibition of geological knowledge was demonstrated by the plausible fact that between each layer of snow there was a layer of leaves, that had fallen from the trees, which fact, if proven, would satisfy most inquiring minds.

But, unfortunately, some one asked, "Where

did the leaves come from, if the snow laid there all summer, and how is it that there is just three years or layers of snow?" And thus the theory was exploded, and I imagine no one believes it today.

HUMANITY.

Mr. Ingersoll proclaims to the world that his religion is "Humanity." In other words, the only God the redoubtable Robert acknowledges is Humanity; for he, himself, is not without the criticism he takes from Voltaire and uses as and for his own, namely, "That an honest God is the noblest work of man." How he can use that quotation advisedly I do not understand, for surely he does not indicate the knowledge of any God whom he considers honest, save, of course, his own created sphinx, "Humanity." And to question the honesty of humanity would to him appear as a sacrilegious and unjustifiable slander. Madam De Stael, however, was bold enough to say that "the more she associated with men the more respect she entertained for dogs." There are many people in the world who are quite as well acquainted with humanity as Mr. Ingersoll, and who know the virtues of his proclaimed religion. Many realize that the natural condition of humanity closely allies it with the brute creation, minus the

virtue of the brute instinct. Humanity's chief law has always been the success of the strongest. We realize, in our journey through life, that one of the ruling passions of strong men is to care for themselves at the expense of the weaker. There is scarcely a man, woman or child to whom this unpleasant fact is not apparent every day of their lives. The lordly or the favorites of fortune have always ruled with an iron hand, regardless of the unspeakable sufferings of the multitudes. But a few years ago, in this country, under the Stars and Stripes that had been wrested from the cold-blooded grasp of monarchy, slavery existed, and was actually protected by law. The crack of the slave-owner's whip and the baying of the bloodhound was quite as familiar to the aristocratic and elevated people of the South as was the humming of machinery to the ears of the people of the North. It was right to own your fellow man, with power to chain him to the whipping post and lash him until his African blood should mark the spot where he stood ; and this was in peaceful unison with humanity.

The pure, sober and wise doctrines of Jesus Christ, that, if understood and practiced, would lead mankind up to the mount of virtue, love, freedom and equality, have been dragged in the mud and

mire of iniquity for hundreds of years by the savage nature of humanity that, emerging from savage darkness, has lived through all the centuries the self-same uncontrollable character of harshness and selfishness, growing rich and corpulent on the failures and misfortunes of its kind, while serving the Devil in the livery of Heaven. It was said that David said, "I said in my haste, All men are liars." I am prone to believe that in his moments of leisure he might have said the same thing of natural man, with equal justice, both to himself and humanity. It is not "*man's inhumanity to man* that makes thousands mourn," but rather *man's humanity to man* that makes millions mourn. If Ingersoll is right, and humanity is good, why was not civilization introduced into the world first, and humanity second? Civilization is the purification of mankind, but if humanity is good it does not need civilizing. The very fact that civilization is a growth is proof positive that humanity is not, and never was, up to the highest standard. With all the civilization we at this day enjoy, it is still necessary to weed from humanity the cruelties that even now dominate the race. Laws must yet be made, with terrible penalties attached, in order to keep man somewhere within the pale of civilization, and

it is safe to observe that the sun never yet shone on the hour when humanity would not subjugate beneath its tyrannical, cruel nature, any or all things that tended to elevate its kind. If it were really possible, it would be very difficult for the best mathematicians to foretell the number of years of the future that will be required to entirely civilize man.

Humanity is barbarous, wicked and cruel today, yesterday and forever in the past; and yet this is the only God to whom the proud Ingersoll doth bow.

Among all the gods of heathen origin—the sea gods, the earth gods, the peace gods and the war gods, the famine gods and the feast gods, the sober gods and the drunken gods, the gods of pestilence, the gods of tempests, the gods of day, and the cruel, wicked gods of darkest night—there can be found no god so abject, vile and mean as Ingersoll's god, HUMANITY!

HISTORY.

History really commences in Egypt. The back door of that ancient government opens on a dark and dismal void. From it there seems to come nothing, save one thing—a long string of consonants, no vowels, and no spaces to separate the words—

but it is as a bridge that touches the life that is, with the life that was. We look at it, and wonder what it is. Eventually, however, we discover on it and around it is this legend: "This is God's word." When perused, mankind saw that it contained law—law that regulated their being. Rabbii at that time were counsellors, and interpreted the law for the benefit and uses of the masses.

If it was divine, if it was prophecy, and of inspiration, it was now as a precious child fallen into the den of hungry and angry beasts. It was now upon the charge of humanity, entrusted to the care of man, whom it was to civilize. The beast that was to be tamed had its trainer entirely within its power, a subject of its clemency. But time rolled on, and this manuscript was read and re-read, written and re-written, and finally passed down the centuries for our perusal and approval.

And while millions are rejoicing over it, while millions are civilized by it, and the earth is scented and perfumed with the delightful odors of the flowers of virtue and charity, that grow so profusely from its teachings, behold the bold and embittered Ingersoll lashing it with his whip of Atheism. He knows no ameliorating circumstances that encrust its origin, its care, or its destiny. But in the best

language that he can borrow from his antecedents, from the time of Pharoah down to the present, he strives to lash into fury the human passions of the age by an exhibition of the passions of humanity of the past.

Humanity vs. Christianity is a case that has been on the calendar for trial ever since the birth of Christ. It has been the problem that has engaged the minds of all generations since. Oceans of blood have been shed in the controversies.

Nations have arisen and fallen as a consequence. In fact, the struggle of Christianity against the mad and bestial nature of man may be likened unto an attempt of one trainer to train all the wild and ferocious animals of a primeval forest; and yet with all this in view, Ingersoll does not seem to know that there is any difference between the contestants. He stands, as it were, on a monument, and witnessing the terrible struggle, in the very crisis of war he is heard to ask: "Is there any difference between them?" The struggle of Christianity among the Fiji Islanders was of recent date. "So late as 1844 human lives were the cheapest article in their human markets. It was customary to buy or sell a human life for a mere trifle; but now that the islands are dotted with about twelve hundred churches, the price of a human

life has risen to the value of the life of the buyer or vender." Here, within the past fifty years, the learned Ingersoll could have witnessed one of the struggles between Humanity and Christianity.

One of the difficulties of the progress of Christianity, in the past, has been the growth of language, and it is on this difficulty that Mr. Ingersoll finds his strongest support. He makes no allowance for its growth, but argues as though language had always been just what it is today. There are a few people who might read some of the essays of Sir John Maundeville, that were written in 1322; some of the essays written by Sir Thomas Mowbray, in 1450; some of the essays written by Hugh Lattimer, in 1470; or some of the essays written by Sir Thomas Bove, in 1480; but such readers are few and far between. And yet they were all written in the best English of the times in which they lived. It is supposed that Shakespeare wrote the best English in his time; and yet it would puzzle many people to read Shakespeare's original manuscript, written by himself.

When comparing the original with the latest edition, the great difference is apparent. For all that, would any person be justified in saying that Shakespeare is a myth and never in reality existed,

and, hence, did not write what was attributed to him?

The fallacious reasoning of infidelity that the “law of self-preservation is the first law of nature” accords entirely with all the rest of its teachings, and illustrates its depth of thought.

The law of self-preservation is not the first law of nature, and I am seriously in doubt whether it is a law of nature at all. The law of self-preservation was never necessary until the law of death came into the world, and it was this law that made the law of self-preservation possible; hence, it could not have been the first; it is at least the second, and a creation or enactment to meet the necessities of man in his struggle against death. Fear is the means by which the law is exercised. Fear prompts its action and guides its course.

ROBERT BURNS.

We find Ingersoll in laches when, in his lecture on Robert Burns, he makes it convenient to omit, in that oration, what to the minds of most men is the greatest of all the productions of Scotia’s bard. I refer to the poem entitled, “Man Was Made to Mourn.” There can be but one excuse, but one defense, to this apparently wicked and unjustifiable

conduct towards Burns, and that is, that Jesus Christ had said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" and Burns' soul is poured forth in classic lore, filled with that sentiment. If Christ had not said it, there is little doubt but that Ingersoll would have realized in that poem food for his entire oration. The verse alluded to is as follows:

" Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;
 This partial view of human kind
 Is surely not the last !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To *comfort those that mourn !*"

Did ever mortal quarry a thought or sculpture it into beauty with dexter hand, with finer grace, or with greater art, than that?

Where can we look for a man in this age with soul so small that he could not recognize the rapturous eloquence of Burns, as he stirs up the very blood? Who among men could read Burns without pausing to contemplate its majestic beauty? Who, I ask, but Ingersoll? But, my friends, how do we know but that he claims it as an interpolation, and that Burns did not write it at all; that someone else wrote it; no matter who, but presumably some bachelor of the Nunnery?

SHAKESPEARE.

This kind of literary partisanship is not a new thing in Ingersollism ; for, in his lecture on Shakespeare, he does not pay tribute of his oratory to Avon's sage without sacrilegiously trespassing upon his memory. He fain would have you believe that the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb, in which occurs the name of Jesus, was not written by the bard; but that it is an interpolation. "Walking around the tomb, at Stratford-on-Avon," says he, "I read that inscription, and I said to myself, Shakespeare never wrote that, but Sir John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, wrote it." With what spirit did the mighty Ingersoll commune to obtain such important information ? With which of the Gods he loves so well, did he hold converse ?

By what power was he inspired, that he could, by a single swoop of his universal self, glean from the sealed archives of the past this great secret ? For centuries, the curse pronounced in that inscription on anyone who would "move his bones," has served to protect it, and the bones of the immortal Shakespeare still rest where they, by loving hands, were first placed. During all the ages that have come and gone since, no monarch, no savage, and no traitor has been so vile or inconsiderate as to incur

the volume of curses that meets the eye of all spectators; but it is left intact, as it was written, awaiting the vandalism of the Nineteenth Century to rob it of its protective force. On the eve of the present, before the day-dawn of the Twentieth Century, almost at the moment when the centuries are exchanging places, do we behold vandal so bold and so tragic. The immortal Shakespeare must enjoy so dramatic a denouement. But, happily, it is but the statement of Ingersoll, without reason or cause, without confirmation or truth—a slander, a robbery of the helpless dead, in which men of accountability will never take part.

Ingersollism indoctrinates in men a belief that nothing short of absolute liberty is their due, and that by not having it, they are deprived of their natural rights. Such a thing as absolute liberty does not exist anywhere in the known world.

The stars are restrained to their circuits; the earth itself has its axis, while every other thing in the earth is circumscribed. Sometimes the ocean may be seen, as it rolls its tempestuous billows high in the air, gathering its white crests in sportive beauty, and then breaking on the shore into thousands of majestic splendors, making it appear an exception, and that it does enjoy liberty absolute; but at another

moment, it may be seen, mournfully and sullenly, breaking on the shore, subdued and controlled.

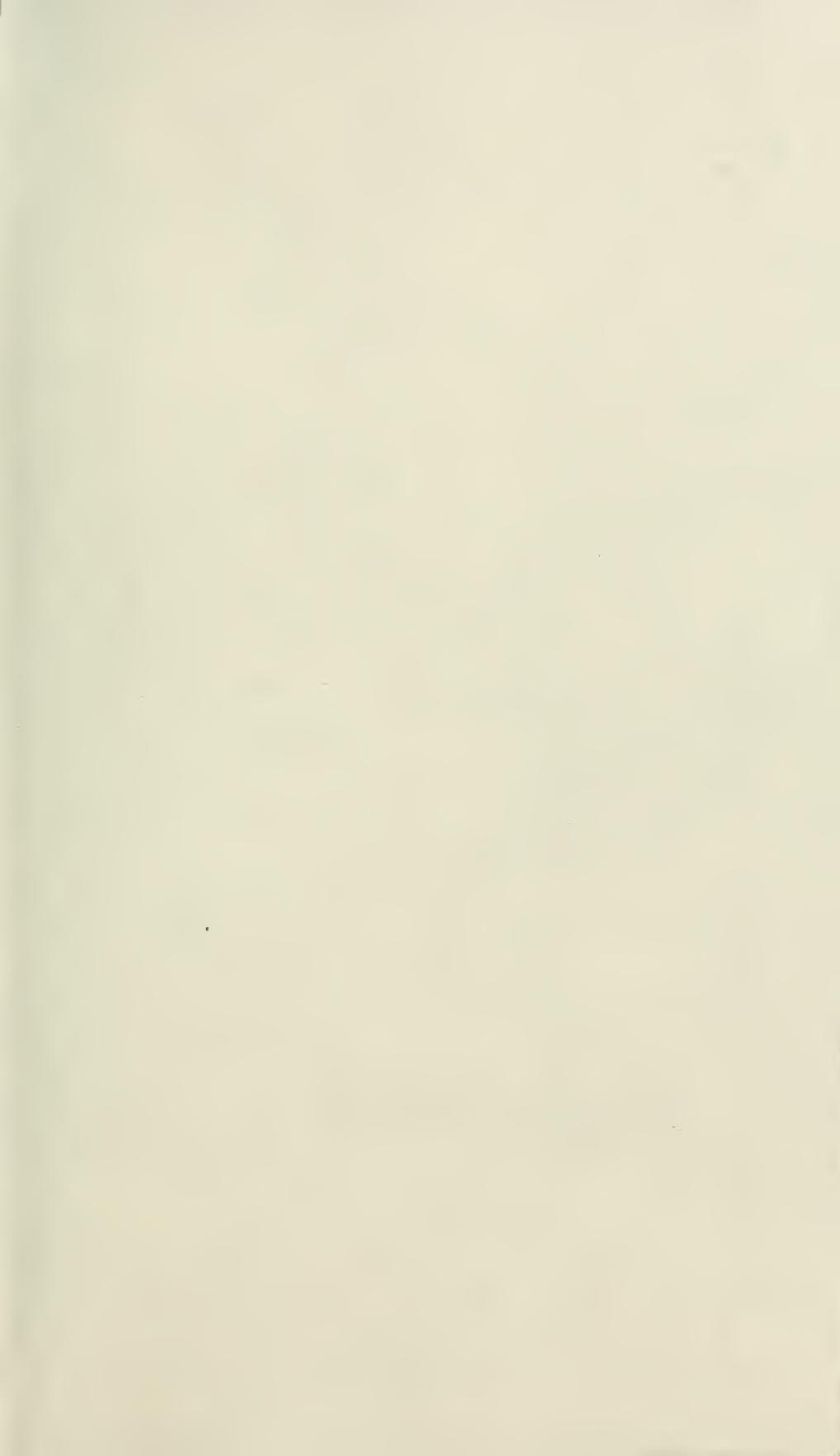
The passions of mankind, at times sportive and gay, rising and falling, gathering the white crests of hope and charity as though there were no limitations to its joy, suddenly, ah, sometimes too suddenly, they break upon the shore of despair and of despond.

It seems to me that I can appreciate the feelings of Byron, when, standing within sound of the surf-beat, the earth-beat, and the heart-beat, he said :

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

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